

WAITRESS-2

HOSS. Come on, Harm. Let's go home.

HANK. You sin, you pay. Them's the rules.

HOSS. I'm sick of hearin' about it, Hank! Shut up and let's go! *(Hank faces him.)*
Fire me. I'd love it.

HANK. *(Near tears.)* I ain't gonna fire you, man. *(A pause.)*

HOSS. C'mon.

TEE-TOT.

I WAS SICK

(Hoss takes Hank over to the waitress' diner. They sit at a table and she brings them a couple of cups of coffee.)

HOSS. So we drove around town for awhile in his Caddy, an' he gradually sobered up. I'd never seen him so low. He was sorry as hell for what he'd done, like he always was.

HANK. Well, let's sing somethin' then.

HOSS. All right, what you wanna sing?

HANK. I don't know. You start out. I'll follow

HOSS. Okay ...

I WANDERED SO AIMLESS, LIFE FILLED WITH SIN

I WOULDN'T LET MY DEAR SAVIOR IN

(Hank is shocked into laughter by Hoss' choice.) C'mon, Hank!

HANK and HOSS.

THEN JESUS CAME LIKE A STRANGER IN THE NIGHT

PRAISE THE LORD, I SAW THE LIGHT

I SAW THE LIGHT, I SAW THE LIGHT

NO MORE DARKNESS, NO MORE NIGHT

NOW I'M SO HAPPY —

HANK. I don't want to hear it! That's the trouble. It's all dark. There ain't no light.

HOSS. Hank. Tell me what you want. You can have any damn thing. Just exactly what in the hell do you want? *(Hoss grabs his arm and Hank viciously flings it off, knocking over his chair.)*

HANK. Back off, friend! *(Hank reaches into his pocket and throws some change down on the table.)*

TEE-TOT.

I WAS SICK AND I COULDN'T GET WELL

(Hank goes over to the waitress.)

HANK. Say, hey, good lookin'. *(Tee-Tot lets out a quiet wolf howl.)*

WAITRESS. You gotta be kiddin' me.

HANK. How'd you like to drive me down to Mobile?

WAITRESS. Okay. Who're you supposed to be? *(Hank goes back to the table)*

Start

where Hoss still sits and picks up a newspaper with his picture in an advertisement. He holds it up next to his face. She squeals.) You ain't no Hank Williams!

HANK.

I GOT A FEELIN' CALLED THE BLUES, OH LAWD

(He whirls her around in an embrace.)

SINCE MY BABY SAID GOODBYE

WAITRESS. He sang "Lovesick Blues," first t' last — my own private midnight show! Then, I looked out the window an' saw — Do Lord! — a brand new, '52, baby blue Cadillac convertible, with tires so round, they didn't touch the ground!

HANK. Baby, let's go! C'mon!

WAITRESS. I looked back at all those scratched-up Coke-Cola glasses starin' at me, "Kiss my butt! I'm walkin' outa here with Hank Williams!" (They climb into the car. The underscoring is furious.) He put me behind the wheel, he didn't want to drive, he was on fire. A black-eyed demon with burnin' hands. You'da swore there was smoke coming outa his nose. We dropped the top an' sang songs in a drivin' rainstorm an' he showed me how to yodel, but it sounded more like an animal than any sound a man would make.

HANK. I see God a'comin' down the road. Hoooo yah!!

WAITRESS. Yah! (Tee-Tot picks up the cry and prolongs it.)

TEE-TOT.

AAAH, THE BLOOD

WAITRESS. We finally ran outa gas ... with a bob-wire fence wrapped around the axle an' me wrapped around his bony neck. We were so stoned, I didn't even notice we'd stopped — my foot still hard against the floorboard — 'til I heard all those stars singin' down an' the engine coolin' like a ... cricket.

HANK. What state is this?

WAITRESS. I don't think he was sure we were on the ground. He leaned over me to look out the side. It felt like a skeleton was inside that five-hundred dollar suit.

HANK. Looks like home to me! (They pile out of the car and into the pasture defined by the strewn money. Hank grabs for her but she escapes.)

WAITRESS. We ran through that cow pasture playin' run horse run an' shed-din' clothes 'til the whole five acres looked like a carnival of shoes, shirts an' cow shit. (They tumble to the ground. Hank abruptly looks into her face.)

HANK. What do you want? Just exactly what in the hell —

WAITRESS. I don't want nothin', baby.

HANK. Hey, you ain't Audrey ... (But before she can respond:) Hey, come here. C'mon! (He pulls her to another part of the stage and gets on his hands and knees. He tries to get her to straddle him.) Come on, palomino! Ride 'em cowboy!

WAITRESS. Okay, this is different. What the hell? (She gets astride Hank's back,

Stop